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POETRY.

NEVER LOOK SAD.

Never look sad—nothing's so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

Long you'd not weep, would you but peep
At the bright side of every trial;
Fortune, you'll find, is often most kind.
When chilling your hopes with denial.

Let the sad day carry away
Its own little burthen of sorrow;
Or you may miss half of the bliss
That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

When hope is wrecked, pause and reflect
If error occasioned your sadness;
If it be so, hereafter you'll know
How to steer to the harbor of gladness.

MISFORTUNE AND EXILE ENNOBLED.

BY MADAME JUNOT, DUCHESS D'ABRANTE.

In 1793, M. de Talleyrand was in Boston. One day, whilst crossing the market-place, he was compelled to stop, by a long row of wagons all loaded with vegetables. The wily courtier, generally so used to emotion, could not but look with a kind of pleasure at these wagoners, who, by the by, were young and pretty country women. Suddenly the vehicles came to a stand, and the eyes of Talleyrand glanced to rest upon one of the young women who appeared more lovely than the others. An exclamation escaped from his lips; it attracted the attention of the lovely one, whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market, and, as she beheld the astonished Talleyrand, whom she recognized immediately, burst out laughing. "What! is it you?" exclaimed she. "Yes, indeed, it is I. But you, what are you doing here?" "I," said the young woman, "I am waiting for my turn to pass on. I am going to sell my greens and vegetables at the market." At this moment the wagons began to move along; she of the straw hat applied the whip to her horse, and told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she was living, requested him earnestly to come and see her, and disappeared, leaving him as rivetted on the spot by this strange apparition. Who was this young market woman? Madame la Comtesse de la Tour-du-Pin, (Mademoiselle de Dillon,) the most elegant among the ladies of the Court of Louis the Sixteenth, King of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone with so dazzling a lustre in the society of her numerous friends and admirers.

At the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was lively, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and, like all the ladies who held a rank at the Court, had only had time to attend to such duties as belonged to her high, fashionable, country life. Let any one fancy the sufferings and agony of the woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfume under the gilded wing of the Royal Palace of Versailles. Then, all at once, she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and every danger besetting her young and loved husband, and her infant child. They succeeded in flying from France. It was their good fortune to escape from a bloody land where Robespierre and his associates were busy at the work of death. Alas! in those times of terror poor children themselves abandoned the joy the paternal roof, for no hiding place was secure against the vigilant eye of those monsters who thirsted for innocent blood. The fugitives landed in America, and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat.

But what a change for the young, pretty, and fashionable lady, spoiled from infancy by loud and continued praises of her beauty and talents. Monsieur de la Tour-du-Pin was extravagantly fond of his wife. At the Court of France, he had seen her, with the proud eye of a husband, the object of admiration; indeed, her conduct had always been virtuous and exemplary; but now, in a foreign land among unsophisticated republicans, (1792,) what was the use of courtly refinements? A thorough knowledge of 'La Bonne Fermiere' of Parmentier seemed to him far preferable to a rondeau of Clementi or La Coquett of Herman.

Happy as he was in seeing her escape from all the peril he had dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom. However, with the foresight of a good father and kind husband, he nerved himself against despair, and exerted himself to render their condition less miserable than that of many emigrants who were starving when the little money they had brought over with them was exhausted. Not a word of English did he know, but his wife spoke it fluently and admirably well. They boarded at Mrs Muller's, a good-natured, notable woman, who on every occasion evinced the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder; yet M. de la Tour-du-Pin was in constant dread lest the conversation of that good, plain, and well-meaning woman might be the cause of great ennui to his lady.—What a contrast with the society of such gentlemen as M. de Talleyrand and the high-minded and polished nobility of France! Whenever he was thinking of his sad transition, (particularly when absent from his wife, and tilling the garden of the cottage which they were going to inhabit,) he felt such pangs and heart-throbbings as to make him apprehensive, on his return to Mrs Muller's, to meet the looks of his beloved wife, whom he expected to see bathed in tears. Meanwhile his good hostess would give him a hearty shake of the hand, and repeat to him "Happy husband! happy husband!"

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding-house of Mrs Muller to go and inhabit their little cottage, where they were to be at least exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro, a kind of Jack-at-all-trades, viz. gardener, footman and cook. The last function M. de la Tour-du-Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake. It was almost dinner time. The poor emigrant went into his garden to gather some fruits, and tarried as long as possible. On his return home his wife was absent; looking for her, he entered the kitchen and saw a young country woman, who with her back to the door, was kneading the dough; her arms, of snowy whiteness, were bare to the elbows. M. de la Tour-du-Pin started: the young woman turned round. It was his beloved wife who had exchanged her muslins and silk for a country dress, not as for a fancy ball, but to play the part of a real farmer's wife.

At the sight of her husband her cheeks crimsoned and she joined her hands in a supplicating manner. "Oh! my love," said she, "do not laugh at me, I am as expert as Mrs Muller." Too full of emotion to speak, he clasped her to his bosom and kissed her fervently. From his inquiries he learned, that, when he had thought her given up to despair, she had employed her time more usefully for their future happiness. She had taken lessons from Mrs Muller and her servants; and, after six months, had become skilful in

the culinary art, a thorough housekeeper, discovering her angelic nature and admirable fortitude.

"Dearest," said she, "if you knew how easy it is. We, in a moment, understand what would cost a country woman one or two years. Now we shall be happy; you will no longer be afraid of ennui for me, nor I of your doubt about my abilities, of which I will give you many proofs," said she, looking at him with a bewitching smile. "Come, come, you promised us a salad, and I am going to bake to-morrow. To-day the bread of the town will do! but oh! henceforth leave it to me." From that moment Madame Tour-du-Pin kept her word; moreover, she insisted on going herself to Boston to sell her vegetables and cream cheese. It was on such an errand to town that M. de Talleyrand met her. The day after he went to pay her a visit, and met her in the poultry yard, surrounded by a host of fowls, hungry chickens and hens. Truly might have been said to her,

From thee unfledged birds receive their food,
And all that live know well that thou art good.

She was all that she had promised to be. Besides her health was so much improved that she seemed less fatigued with the house work than if she had attended the balls of a winter. Her beauty, which had been remarkable in the gorgeous palace of Versailles, was dazzling in her cottage in the new world. M. de Talleyrand told her so. "Indeed!" replied she, with naivete; "Indeed, do you think so? I am delighted to hear it. A woman is always and every where proud of her personal attractions." At that moment the black servant bolted into the drawing-room holding his jacket in his hand with a long rent in the back. "Missus, him jacket tore; please mend him." She immediately took a needle and repaired Gullah's jacket, and continued the conversation with charming simplicity.

This little adventure left a deep impression on the mind of Talleyrand, who used to relate it with that tone of voice peculiar to his narrations.

COMMUNICATED.

DRIPPINGS FROM MY JOURNAL.—No 3.

ADDRESSED BY PETER COABOUT TO HIS COUSIN JOB STAYATHOME.

Considerable interest has been felt among those who are interested in the prosperity of these islands, in the experiment which has been making at Koloa, on an extensive scale, in the raising of raw silk, as one, which if successful would not only afford a valuable export, but prove an important branch of domestic industry, giving suitable and profitable employment to women and children. Some years since, several gentlemen, attracted by the even temperature of the climate, and the rapidity and vigor with which the Mulberry plants grew, conceived the idea of establishing a silk plantation. Further experiments having confirmed their design, a spot of land embracing about 300 acres, was selected and rented for that purpose. It was most delightfully situated, about three miles from the beach, on gently undulating ground, bounded on the southern and western sides by a fine brook, affording valuable mill privileges, and on the opposite, by an abrupt range of well-wooded hills, attaining an elevation of some 2000 feet. The prospect from these is lovely in the extreme; the eye glances down upon several plantations situated at their feet, with rich, waving fields of sugar cane or mulberry-trees, planted in squares, and intersected at regular distances with broad avenues bordered by banana plants

or ornamental trees; prettily embosomed amid shrubbery or neat gardens, like birds' nests cradled amid bright flowers and green leaves, are the cottages of the superintendants, and near by the thatched houses of the laborers, disposed in regular rows fronting the roads. Farther off, the white walls of a large church shone conspicuously in the bright sun, a striking contrast to the dingy sides and distillery-like look of the boiling-house and sugar-mill; around these the natives had clustered their rude hamlets, and little patches of cultivated ground, the whole affording a gratifying picture of incipient civilization. The busy passing to and fro of long lines of carts loaded with the sweets of the soil, and the swarms of laborers wielding their hoes amid the fields, animated the scene. The hoary crest of an old crater rises abruptly from the plain near the sea, amid a field of indurated lava, a monument of nature's wrath in former days. A rugged and towering peak, conspicuous above all its brethren, affording an excellent land mark, rises in solitary grandeur to the east, while not far from its base, the ocean dashes on the shore in a long line of breakers. The beauty of this scene, even as it tempted the eye to dwell in unceasing admiration upon its fair features, keeps the pen still employed in tracing its outline, fearful lest a single spot of all that rich mixture of grand and beautiful, civilized and savage, should escape its notice.

But to the silk plantation again. After the land was secured, a large portion of it was immediately planted with the native or black mulberry, which bears but a small leaf, and was the only variety on the islands (excepting the *morus papyfera* and a few of the *morus alba*) at that time. It flourished beautifully and bore a great quantity of leaves—one from the field at random, of eight months growth afforded $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of leaves, and in six weeks after it was wholly stripped, it leaved out again so as not to be distinguishable from the rest. So much were the proprietors encouraged thus far, that they imported another variety of the Mulberry from China, known as the Canton, which thrived well and afforded much more food in proportion to its size, some of the leaves measuring eight and ten inches broad by twelve inches long. They were all planted in hedge rows from six to ten feet apart, and two feet apart in the rows, and were allowed to attain a height of from six to eight feet. The ground was kept entirely free from weeds. The Chinese worm was also imported at this time, but did only in sufficient quantities to preserve a sufficient number of eggs for stock. One of the proprietors embarked for the United States, where he spent eight months in acquiring information in regard to the business, purchasing machinery for reeling, which was intended to be done by steam, and in securing the best varieties of trees and eggs, with a family of three persons to superintend cocoeneries and to teach the natives to reel. So highly was this enterprise thought of then (1831) in the United States, that the proprietors could have realized an advance of two hundred per cent. on their investment thus far. Even the most skeptical in regard to the business there, could see no obstacle to its success in a climate where the trees gave heavy crops the year round, and the temperature was such as to require but little artificial protection for the worms. Labor and buildings were also exceedingly cheap, it being found that common thatched buildings, such as could be erected at the expense of a few dollars each, would serve both to feed and reel in, thus obviating the heavy expenses required